

warrior

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Summary: story of a warrior who is recruited to into a top secret black ops organization to become one of the first supersoldiers of the next generation.

warrior

He crouched low with his back to a tree while he examined his MA5B assault rifle. Once he finished he hooked the weapon back into his back holster. Having already checked his sidearm he scanned the area for any signs of opposition from the covenant. When he was relatively certain it was clear to move he began to move quickly through the forest. Silence was his greatest priority as he moved from tree to tree keeping his eyes and ears open for the enemy.

Vito Kruse was one of 75 orbital drop shock troopers who were sent to retake a marine base that had been captured by the covenant. The ODSs inserted through the atmosphere after nightfall to better conceal their descent and make easier to reach the RV point undetected by enemy patrol. He checked his map to determine how much farther he had to go. He was close. No more than a quarter mile. Once there they would begin to prepare for the battle.

Just as he reached the next tree he saw movement in the corner of his eye. He tightened his grip on his silenced M6E pistol and stood completely motionless as he inspected the entire area that he suspected the potential enemy to be. He switched to thermal and continued the search. After a couple of seconds he spotted 2 elites and a troop of grunts moving toward the RV point. They seemed to be walking along a path of some sort that ran between the high forest trees that engrossed both sides of the path. They were too close for his comfort. They could attack a surprised group of soldiers or worse call it in for backup, which would make the operation a little more complex than they had intended.

He had to find a way to disable them. Kruse took aim with the pistol. No not a good idea. He couldn't get both elites and all the grunts

with the ammo that he had. He had to find another way.

As he watched he noticed that the patrol had stopped and seemed to be looking in the opposite direction of where he was positioned. All of a sudden the head of the foremost elite exploded in a combination of purple blood and skull fragments.

Kruse watched as the confused elite began turning looking for their assailant. Kruse took his chance. His silenced pistol began dealing death for the grunts as he focused his fire on them killing them one at a time 2 rounds each in the back of their diminutive skulls. As he shot he moved forward toward the path that they were located on. When he ran out of rounds and had to reload he had already killed six of the eight grunts. The elite saw and sprang toward him seeking his revenge by using his plasma sword. Kruse saw him and just as he finished slamming the clip in and chambered a round the elite's head exploded unexpectedly. At that point he realized there was an ODSN sniper in the area.

3 men heavily armed and dressed in the same armor that all ODSN marines wore materialized from the darkness and finished off the remaining grunts that had tried to scurry away. His communications link crackled to life and he heard a voice began to speak.

"All clear soldier." The sniper reported as he also appeared on the path.

"We better get moving" another ODSN said.

"Good work and thanks." Kruse said before they started.

They all gave a nod and began moving toward the place where they were supposed to meet.

As they neared the campsite they could see the majority of everyone was on site and some still coming in just as they were. They were located on a clearing that was surrounded by tall trees. The clearing provided a large enough area for organization but compact enough to provide enough cover to not be detected by passing aircraft.

Kruse was second in command of fire team sigma. He trotted across the clearing and met up with his CO and the rest of the team. He saw that only one ODSN from his team was there and that was Gary Steele.

Gary Steele the team's designated sniper sat with his back leaning against a tree as he was reassembling his sniper rifle. Gary was a man of incredible talent. But his ability with a rifle wasn't natural but he worked for what he got. His ability to use the sniper rifle was an acquired ability after years and years of developing the talent and still he wasn't even near close to the best. What made him so valuable was his ability to scout and see certain aspects of the field that normal people could not see. He was the fastest on the team and highly adept to camouflaging techniques. If he didn't want to be seen then nobody would see him.

Gary looked up. His helmet was lying next to him so Kruse was able to see the icy blue eyes and jet black hair of the sigma sniper.

"Where you been? I missed you." He said with a smirk.

"I ran into a little bit of trouble." Kruse replied. Kruse began to look around from side to side.

"Well it looks like you made it one piece." Steele observed.

"Where is everyone else?" Kruse asked as he realized that they were the only two of the four soldiers that made their team.

"Boss man is in a conference finalizing plans for this op and that's all I know bro." Gary answered as he finished with his customized S2 AM sniper rifle.

Seeing that there was nothing to be done at the moment he then preceded to lay down beside his teammate. The next thing he knew it he was engrossed in a dreamless slumber. Steele woke him when it was time for the briefing. He looked around and saw the rest of his team had made it during his rest.

All members of the team were sitting with sergeant flood at the center with the briefing details.

"We are going to act like a light infantry or recon team for the rest of this mission. They want us gather as much intelligence by surveillance as we possibly can before the entire operation is executed." Flood said as began with the briefing. "We and three other teams will prepare to move at the break of dawn tomorrow.

Sam Clarke, the team's demolitions expert, spoke up.

"Will we need explosives boss?" he asked in his unwavering tone. Sam very seldom showed any emotion and was known to be quiet unlike the explosives that is almost like an art is his hands.

"I don't think that will be necessary but bring a few just in case." Sergeant flood looked around the group with his penetrating gray eyes. He stopped on each soldier staring them in the eye looking for any fear from any of his men.

Sam Clarke sat there, his eyes focused on the general. The intensity of his gaze conveyed to the general that he was definitely ready for the ensuing op. He was the demo expert but it was no reflection on his ability as a soldier in the field. He stood at 6'5 190 and as the definition of controlled ability. He was fearless on the battlefield but never reckless and that made him a awesome teammate but devastating opponent.

Dante Fuller sat with his arms crossed as he listened intently. He was the ultimate assault trooper and highly adept to all forms of weaponry. He seemed to be gifted with the ability to fight close quarters. His favorite weapon was the shotgun and he was a master with the close range weapon. Highly attuned to his surroundings, he served as a scout partner for Gary on scout patrols. He pretty much gets along with everybody but has a strong sense of pride in the United Nations and everything that involves the UNSC. He is known as a patriot and he lives up to it on the field. Sergeant flood checked his eyes seeing no fear at all in his face.

Satisfied with the current state of his men he began giving orders to each team member in order to prepare for their departure.

Each man moved out in order to accomplish these tasks in the time allotted.

"We move out in ten men!" Sergeant Flood added as he walked way to prepare himself.

Kruse couldn't help but feel a nervous excitement before he went into the field. the platform that he was so adept in. he loved the feeling and this would be no different.

End
file.